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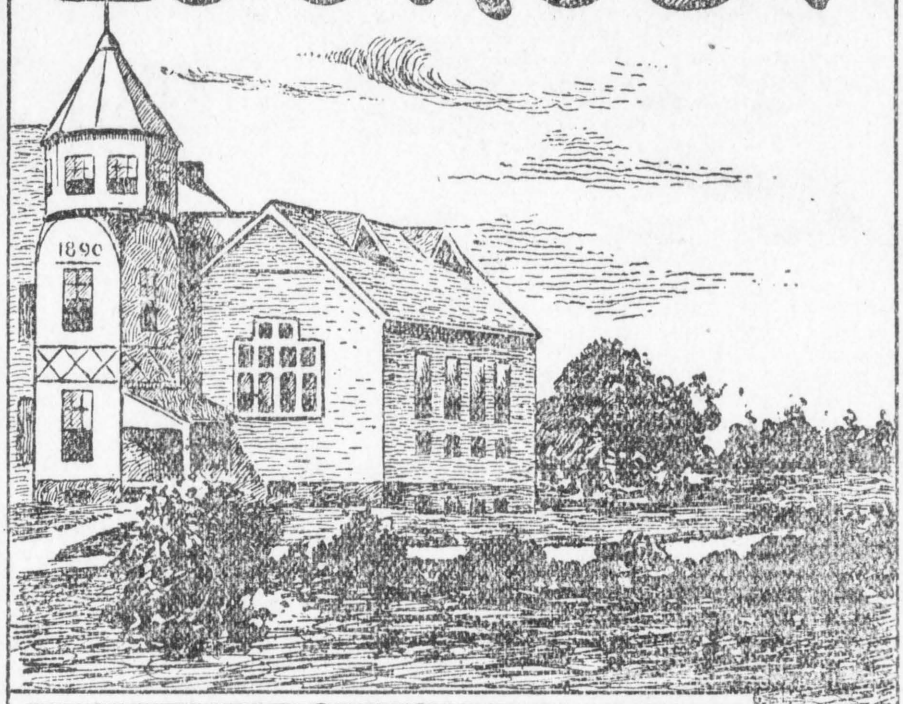
Lookout, Volume 9, Number 10, April 1905

I. W. Patterson

THE LOOKOUT



APRIL NUMBER, 1905

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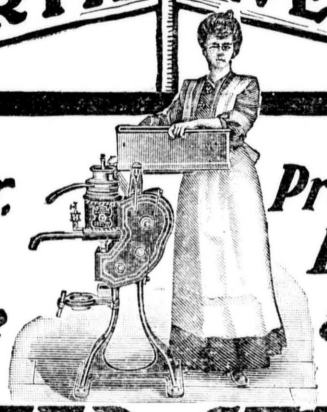

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C. A. C. LOOKOUT.

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Editorials.

We trust that most of our readers realize that the LOOKOUT is obliged to put up with considerable inconvenience in the matter of printing. We do not wish in any way to criticize the company which at present sets our thoughts in such attractive array; but, owing to the fact that we are unable to come into contact with the printers and all communication must be carried on by correspondence, much time is thus consumed. It is impossible to get the magazines here for distribution within two weeks after the material is sent to press, and often three weeks is required. As the College enlarges, it is to be hoped that an efficient printing press will be installed.

The baseball and football managers are to be complimented on the alacrity and energy with which they have taken up their work of arranging games for the coming spring and fall. The schedules up to date will be found in another column.

This number completes Vol. IX of the C. A. C. LOOKOUT. The Board which has been responsible for the achievements of the paper during the past year finds its work completed and the cares of editorship resting upon other shoulders. It is unnecessary for us to review the shortcomings or the excellencies of our work. We admit that we have fallen short of our ideals, but whether the standard of the LOOKOUT attained in previous years has been lowered remains for our critics to decide. Our readers may have noticed that we have published few professional contributions. This fact is of considerable significance, since it proves that the student body is better able to carry on the

College paper without aid. Before the LOOKOUT was firmly established the large amount of material furnished by the faculty was the cause of considerable criticism, not alone from those connected in some way with the College, but from newspapers throughout the State. We wish to thank the students and alumni for the support which we have received. To be sure we have criticized the degree of interest in the LOOKOUT displayed both by the College at large and the alumni; but now that the responsibilities of office are no longer ours, we can readily see that we have been as loyally supported as previous boards. To the incoming editors we extend our best wishes for their success. Farewell.

An Industrial Center.

Connecticut can boast of the oldest silk mill in America. It was in the little village of Hanks Hill, a hamlet tucked away in the hills of north-eastern Connecticut, that this great industry originated. This small village, though seldom or never heard of in the commercial world of to-day, has nevertheless contributed its full share toward the progress of civilization and the industrial revolution. In the early ages, when our forefathers were surrounded on every hand with the perplexities and dangers of pioneer life, this little village was a centre of industry or more accurately a centre toward which the settlers from miles around looked for guidance and protection from impending evils, and for suggestion in the way of inventions and discoveries. These tales of the wonders performed by the settlers of Hanks Hill have been preserved from generation to generation until to-day the village is filled with tales of the deeds performed by the ancestors of the present inhabitants, and the traveler finds the small community as rich in legend as the famous Sleepy Hollow. But these tales are not all without foundation; for it is a well-

known fact to the historian that the first cannon made in America were cast in this same little village. Some of the cannons which played so important a part in the Revolutionary War were the result of the ingenuity and patriotism of the sturdy ancestors of the dwellers of Hanks Hill of the present day. Another achievement of this once industrious, thriving little village was bell making. But these two industries are by no means the most important in which Hanks Hill has shown its inventive genius. The silk industry received its first impulse on this continent in this same little village in the year 1810.

America owes its first silk mill to the great energy and wonderful ingenuity of Rodney Hanks. He was a thorough genius, and was constantly at work to improve the old and crude methods of his time, finally succeeding in establishing this historic mill in the year 1810. He displayed his abilities by building his own mill, and also by making and putting in operation his own machinery, which was run by a small water wheel.

The mill was a one-story structure, twenty-five feet long and fifteen feet wide. It had seven windows in all, two on each side and the front, and one in rear. There were two doors, one in front and one on the side. It was made of rough hewn timber, but was put together to stand the wear and tear of many years. The machinery could hardly be expected to compare with our modern apparatus for silk making, but it formed a basis upon which American inventors could work and improve. The present appearance of the building would hardly give the visitor any clue to its historical fame. It has been moved twice since its erection, and has been more or less renovated and repaired, being well-painted and in good condition every way; but nevertheless Father Time has placed his stamp upon the old mill, and to the careful observer it is easy to see that the building has long seen service. Its original position was on a small stream whose banks are now grown up with trees and underbrush. At the present time this venerable structure is about a half mile from the place where it introduced the industry of silk making to the American people, and is used by a descendent of Rodney Hanks as a store-house for meat.

In order to get his silk, Mr. Hanks was obliged to import silk worms from France. These were confined in a small building and were fed daily upon mulberry leaves. Mr. Hanks had a mulberry orchard which he probably intended for future use when his business should reach that stage, for he could have fed the number of silk worms that he actually had upon wild mulberry leaves which were abundant about this section at that time.

From this raw material Mr. Hanks turned out fine sewing silk. It is a fact much to be wondered at, how he could turn out such a fine, finished product with such seemingly inadequate machinery. From a few samples still kept by his descendents, it is seen that though the silk is not as fine as our best modern silk, it would undoubtedly outwear any of the silk made to-day. Aside from the manufacture of silk, Mr. Hanks manufactured cannon sponges, which were made in no other part of this country at that time. Thus Rodney Hanks was the patron of two industries.

Since the erection of this historic mill there have been three different silk mills

erected by the descendents of Rodney Hanks. Each building has been larger and fitted up with more modern machinery than its predecessor, until at the present time J. S. Hanks is carrying on the business in a modern silk factory.

This industry of silk making, which was started in the year 1810, with the establishment of this silk mill on Hanks Hill, by Rodney Hanks, has grown and flourished until in the year 1900 the United States produced silk to the approximate value of $100,000,000.

College Notes.

With this number the work of the editors of the LOOKOUT for the year 1904-5 comes to an end, and in common with his fellow-members of the Board, the writer of this column lays down his pen. He is not at all sure as to his success nor does he feel at all certain about the amount of instruction or amusement he has been able to impart. He is sure, however, that he himself has received a good deal of instruction, and if the vigorous remarks of some of those who have chosen to regard themselves as the victims of his unlicensed pen may be considered as a source of amusement, then it may be confidently asserted that he has had plenty of amusement as well. At all events the record is made up, and the retiring editor must stand or fall by his work.

After all, this column in our magazine must be made up of the haps and mishaps that occur to us in the daily life and routine of the College. We naturally prefer to note for comment the lighter and brighter side of our affairs, and as a result, it follows that almost every one, sooner or later, finds his doings or sayings duly set forth and recorded in this department —sometimes to his amusement, more often, it would seem, to his disgust. It remains for the retiring editor to set forth as best he may his last budget of notes, to say his farewell, and to welcome his successor.

After a service of two years, Mrs. Knapp has resigned charge of the dining hall and its subterranean region, the kitchen. Several changes have been made during her term of service. The dining-room has been greatly enlarged and improved, and the service has been much bettered. Changes such as these do not at the time attract much attention; but in retrospect, they clearly mark the growth of the institution and the change in condition. To the student, who entered four years ago, the difference is clearly marked.

In the absence of Mrs. Knapp's successor, Mr. Proudman has added to his other cares the duty of feeding the College. It is too early to pronounce upon his success in this difficult and important undertaking. It may be said, however, that he evidently is taking great pains to endear himself to the stomachs of the College community. He is not, however, without his troubles.

We understand that some members of the College have shown a good deal of interest and some dexterity in raising oranges. It is also said that their skill has been rewarded with a considerable crop. It is well to learn about all forms of orcharding, but the fact remains that the raising of oranges in the latitude of Storrs is likely to prove a costly and unremunerative experiment.

Page 153—Fifth line from bottom of first column should read "a pleasant vacation without going" etc.

Page 155—Fifth line from top of first column should read "fore us, when we finally" etc.

Page 158—Twelfth line from bottom of second column read "grim" for "given."

At this writing it does not appear whether the new dormitory we all want so much is to be given us or not. The committee on appropriations spent a part of last Friday here, and we hope that what they saw and learned about the College convinced them of the necessity of this addition to our facilities. By the time this item is in print, the question will in all probability have been decided. The general opinion seems to be that there is a fair prospect that the needs of the College will at last be recognized. So mote it be!

Miss Daisy Mason has deserted the senior class, and is engaged in teaching the youth of her own neighborhood. This makes a sad break in the fair association resident at the place heretofore known as Paradise. For ourselves, we are free to admit that we should prefer Paradise to any school-house.

Two Voices.

"Two voices are there," says Wordsworth, in one of his best known sonnets, "One is of the Sea, One of the Mountains, each a mighty voice." It was my good fortune this summer to listen to both of these voices for a little while, and though I did not gain knowledge of "All the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" as those did who had the pleasure of attending the St. Louis Exposition, yet interesting things do sometimes happen, off and on, nearer home, and one can have a pleasant vacation without going to the other end of the continent and spending several hundred dollars in search of it.

New York, in August, sounds like a pretty scorching proposition. We are inclined to believe the sensational newspaper reports which make that city out in summer as similar to that place before which, according to Dante, was written the famous inscription, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." We do not take with any degree of certainty the view of Ardelia, in Arcady, "Gee! New York 's the place!" Still, New York, big and overgrown, noisy and dirty as it is, is after all situated on the Atlantic, and "each breeze that sweeps the ocean," brings with it a coolness and a freshness, which the millions of people and thousands of streets cannot wholly obliterate.

In spite of the hundreds of houses, with empty rooms and drawn blinds in the fashionable part of the town, the city did not seem appreciably diminished as we clattered into the entrance to Brooklyn bridge. The big electric trains rolled in emptied, filled and rolled out again, almost as if the people themselves were as mechanical as the motors. A mass of human beings is always interesting whatever be its sort and condition. My friend and I fell to watching an old lady, evidently from the country and on her first visit to the big city. She clung timidly to her son and tried to appear interested in the various sights which he pointed out to her. But she was too much overcome by the noise and confusion to do much sightseeing. I furtively straightened my hat, and felt of my belt, and wondered if I looked as overwhelmed as she, for I certainly felt so, as we clanked rhythmically over the streets towards suburban Brooklyn. After a ride of about twenty minutes we slid smoothly to the ground and stopped between the hedges of golden glow, which marked the Flatbush station

of Beverly Road. This has been only recently built up and there is still that impression of plenty of room, so dear to the heart of the country bred, while the broad avenues, many of which run unobstructed to the ocean, serve as airshafts for the welcome sea breezes.

In spite of the doleful tales which Edward Bok and others tell of the impossibility of getting around in New York without a lot of money, there are a good many delightful places which one can visit and not be very much impoverished, that is if one is willing to be quiet and unostentatious in taste. And the summer is the only time to enjoy many of them, too. My friends were busy during the greater part of the day, and I consequently went around quite a bit by myself, visiting the two big parks and the Metropolitan Museum, and enjoying myself hugely, and treated as well as I could desire by officials and attendants, finding no need for the omnipresent quarter. I think it would have amused my Storrs' friends if they could have seen the impressive manner with which one of the big Broadway policemen insisted upon escorting me across a crowded side street, one day. He was standing apparently asleep in the middle of the street, and I, seeing no cause for alarm, started over confidently enough. But just as I was opposite him, he opened his eyes with a start, stopped every vehicle in sight, and walked with me, with great dignity, to the other side of the street. I have not been able to decide yet whether I looked particularly green that morning, or whether he really was asleep and wanted to prove he wasn't.

Of course no one can visit New York in the summer time, without spending at least an afternoon and an evening at Coney Island, and thither my friend and I repaired on our first leisure afternoon. It chanced to be a Saturday, and I could confidently answer the question of one of our periodicals, "Does any one ever go to Coney Island alone?" by an emphatic "No," as I looked up and down the broad stretch of beach. It was my first real impression of the Island, for my earlier recollections, those of a child of five years, when I spent a long, blissful day in comparative quiet, digging for clam shells and covering a much enduring uncle with sand, were naturally not very vivid. Indeed, as every one knows, Coney Island of late years has not enjoyed a very savory reputation, and one's "life, fortune, and sacred honor," have by no means been safe within its borders. But though, as some one says, "Coney Island is no Sunday-school yet," still within the last year or two it has decidedly reformed, and with a suitable escort and a decent regard for the proprieties, one may roam through it from noon to midnight with honor and pocketbook both safe.

Leaving the glittering temptations of "dear little Coney," as it is called in the folk songs, until evening, and the necessary masculine escort appeared, we stopped first at Brighton Beach and the big bathing houses. These were tiny lockers united under an immense barrack-like roof, and though in the women's departments alone, reaching up into the bigger hundreds, we were obliged to stand in line over an hour before we could be served. When we remember that this was only one of many similar establishments, reaching far down the Long Island and New Jersey coasts, we can imagine the

part which old Ocean takes in the amusement of the modern New Yorker. We took no thought, however, of the long, dreary wait; for the joy that was set before use. When we finally felt the smooth, hard sand beneath our feet, and waited, with slight shivers of apprehension, for the big wave which must give us the regulation ducking before we should be ready for our hour's pleasure. And it came, too, soon and heavily. "Gee! wasn't that a peach!" said a small six-year-old, who was clinging tightly to the rope beside me, and as I, smilingly assented, I found myself repeating

"How good is man's life the mere living! how fit to employ,
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

We stayed in the water as long as we dared, and were quite ready for luncheon when we came out. It is no exaggeration to say that we formed one of hundreds of similar parties, sitting on the sand in more or less graceful or ungraceful groups, and we ate, and chatted, and renewed our youth, till seven o'clock brought the useful brother and the longing for pastures new. Then arose the question, shall we be patrician, and swell, and exclusive, and go to Manhattan Beach and see the fireworks, and hear the music, or shall we be plebeian and common and popular and go over to Coney and see the crowd. In the meanwhile we began to walk along the magnificent ocean promenade towards Coney, and the lights springing out before us just at that moment revealing the graceful outlines of Dreamland and the alluring charms of the Golden City, with no more words we followed the gleam, though not exactly in the way meant by Tennyson, and turned into the crowded streets of New York's big playground. And, indeed, it was crowded. A Saturday, in the middle of August, bright and hot, was certainly the time to bring out all the resources of the place. We noticed the change in the character of the people immediately. There were no visible dividing lines between Coney Island, and the more exclusive parts of the beach, but it was as if we had entered another world. The people were mainly of the working class, largely foreigners, and very evidently out for a good time. Yet the fun was good natured, there was very little rudeness beyond the almost necessary elbowing and pushing to make one's way, and though we walked the length of the principal street twice, and even once through the Coney Bowery, where the patrons are a step lower, and the shows a grade cheaper than the other parts, and though we were several times jammed into pretty close quarters with a rather uncertain looking crowd, I did not hear during the whole evening a single oath, or even get a waft of strong drink. The sights of the street alone were many and various. One would think that enough eatables of the kind known as light refreshments, were displayed to feed the whole United States. "Here's your educated peanuts," cried one ambitious small boy, while the steak for the famous beefsteak sandwiches was turned on spits before your very eyes, ice cream sandwiches were slapped together by very dirty looking Italians, and Frankfurter and candy shops stretched before one in odoriferous plenty. But the eatable, or drinkable rather, that interested me most, was the milk from the wooden cows. Gigantic as to size and most

brilliant as to color, they stood and yielded up their milk through an ingenious system of faucets, with approved bovine calm. "You put it in," said "Ardelia in Arcady," with contempt, when she first saw the real cow milked. I am sure she must have been conversant with the wooden cow of Coney Island.

But the real thing at Coney is its shows, and of these one can attend as many as the money and time will permit. "What sort of a time did you have?" one girl is reported as saying to another. "Great! he blew in five dollars on the blow out." "You beat me again," was the rejoinder, "My chump only blew in two fifty-five." It is only fair to say, however, that two fifty-five have a purchasing power—if wisely expended—on the Island, far exceeding that of more aristocratic precincts.

I will not bore you with details. In fact, I had a somewhat confused feeling myself after emerging from some of my experiences. The quick, the unexpected, the topsy-turvey, seemed to be the order of the day. Good-natured, hilarious, rather noisy fun, it all was, still there were after all very few discordant notes struck. There were no monstrosities, at least none visible, and there was a great deal of brilliant, sparkling beauty, Dreamland itself, which was the new and most popular feature of the season, certainly well-deserved its name. It was an immense enclosed and floored space, open to the sky through its central promenade, at one end of which arose its graceful tower, while from the other real sea water poured in foaming cascades down the ever popular chutes. I would have been quite content to stand for an unlimited time by the lagoon, watching, as boat after boat with its shrieking load struck the water. But my friends were New Yorkers, born and bred, they were not satisfied with looking, they must do. So after a few weak protests, for my internal organization had hardly recovered from the violent dives of the "Scenic Railroad," I found myself grasping the ropes of the revolving staircase with their brilliant red, white and blue lights, breathing in the spirit of adventure with the salt exhilarating air, and quite ready to become one of the gay well-dressed crowd. For Dreamland, though part of the regular Coney Island, is so thoroughly clean and attractive, that even on a Saturday night the character of its patrons seemed to be quite above reproach. We arrived at the top of the chutes just in time to witness the most spectacular event of the evening, and one which I would gladly have dispensed with, though I found myself watching with fascination after it had once begun. A man slid along a tight rope stretched from the top of the tower to the top of the chutes, holding on by his teeth, and firing several pistol shots *en route*. Once started, gravity, grit, and grip, did the rest, but it was a blood-chilling process, and it was a great relief to see him land safely in the little net prepared for him, and swathed in blankets, march off between two men, his stunt evidently done for that day. My sensations while shooting the chutes were probably much like those of other people. There was the moment of excitement just as we were pushed off, the downward rush like the swoop of a big bird, the splashing and rocking of the big waves when we shot out upon the lagoon, and the desire to try it all over again as

soon as we were safely landed. I would not have missed it for the world, but I would not, on the other hand, advise people with weak hearts or squeamish stomachs to attempt it.

We walked slowly on down the glittering promenade. The barkers were busy on all sides, but not unpleasantly insistent. "Loop the loop," cried one; "Bump the bumps," invited another. The latter was most amusing to see, but as we did not aspire to entertain the crowd we did not try it. A stream of people, old and young, thick and thin, were renewing their youth by sliding down a very long, very broad and very slippery incline, supposed to represent the often mentioned cellar door of our childhood. In most unexpected places, however, were big hummocks or bumps, smooth as glass, which sent the people in very devious paths. It reminded one of one's first lessons in riding a bicycle. The more they seemed to try to avoid the obstructions the more they ran into them. I would defy the most dignified and stiffly starched person that ever was to go through the ordeal unmoved. I mentally placed several acquaintances of mine upon the bumps and the thought did me good, even though it was all imagination. We had only seen a few of the attractions of the place, but after going to the Arctic regions, behind jingling bells and through drifts of asbestos snow, and floating languidly through the lagoons of Venice, we came finally to the conclusion that, whatever may have been the opinion of Job upon the matter, the eye does certainly tire of seeing and the ear of hearing, and were quite ready to leave, though thousands had evidently only just begun to spend the evening.

Our last glimpse of Coney was from the windows of our car as we hummed along over the flats to the big city. Her lights softened and mellowed by distance she formed a wonderfully enchanting vision, and one which it is good to remember. We felt as the old song says, the song which was written for Merrie England long before any one had thought of Coney Island:

"O it's a bright little Island,
A right little tight little Island,
Search the world round,
No spot can be found,
So jolly as this little Island."

From the rush and turmoil of New York, to a quiet farm-house in a tiny village in the midst of the Green Mountains, is a change mentally, morally, and physically. I had had rest according to one definition, which calls it change; now I was to have it according to another, which calls it relaxation. From New York to Fall River by boat, from Fall River to Boston, from Boston to Greenfield, and from Greenfield to Brattleboro, is a journey commonplace enough, albeit rather strenuous. But when we saw our little engine which was to carry us away from Brattleboro, stand puffing lazily on a side track, its tender filled with wood, and its cowcatcher decorated with golden rod, we felt we must indeed be going to a land where it was always afternoon, and were not at all surprised to find ourselves an hour late in starting. There was at least no danger of collision for our train was the only one on the road with the exception of a mixed freight which went down in the morning. But the bridges were shaky and the grade tremendous, and our progress was to say the least leisurely. At one

station there was a lovely spring and many of the passengers went out and filled cups and jugs while the engineer good-naturedly waited. The passengers were mostly local and very loquacious and we learned many a choice bit of family history between stops. My friend and I were immediately recognized as strangers, and the old man just in front of us marked us for his prey. My friend retired behind her magazine and refused to be interviewed, but I being made of somewhat softer material, answered his various questions patiently enough till he propounded the following: "So you're going to West Townsend, be you; they've got a new preacher there, a woman; they say she's smart," rather doubtfully. "You ain't her be you?" After that I also subsided behind a magazine, and nothing was heard for a time (as Howells says), "but the rhythmical clank of the machinery as the train lunged forward into the darkness."

Neither were our experiences ended at the station. We had a ride of six miles before us with a hill two miles long to start with. I went over the ground several times later, by daylight, and it did not seem so very terrible. But the night, the darkness, the loneliness, the overhanging mountains made one feel that here nature was stronger than man. After the crowded humanity of New York City, the stillness and solitude were overwhelming. I was actually afraid of it. The garrulous talk of our driver seemed rather sacrilegious than entertaining, and it was almost like waking from a bad dream when we climbed our last hill and found ourselves surrounded once more with the homely evidence of every day life.

But when we opened our eyes the next morning we felt we were already repaid. Right under our window a little spring bubbled constantly in the most sociable way, almost immediately behind us rose Glebe Mountain, twice as high as Mount Tom, while out towards the west lay the foothills of the Green Mountain range, which looked not green but blue in the distance. "They say if Vermont was ironed out she would be as big as Texas," said our host as he listened with a proprietary smile to our exclamations of wonder. And we soon began to think he was right. It was not for several days, however, that we were introduced to the one really considerable elevation of that vicinity, Mount Stratton, which was always honored by being called, "The Mountain." We came upon it suddenly after a long and weary climb, and I gazed at it with an involuntary catching of my breath. I thought of my first sight of Niagara's rush of many waters, and the wave of feeling when I heard for the first time the mighty Hallelujah Chorus. There was the same sensation of strength and power, but with it was mingled peace and repose. One would not wish to live by the banks of Niagara, or to listen forever to the Hallelujah Chorus. But one could make friends with a mountain, however, given and threatening its exterior. The sea is perhaps more fascinating with its constant changes, but the mountains are more livable and lovable. For two long, happy weeks we almost literally lived out of doors. We climbed mountains and descended ravines, we learned how to make maple sugar and even had a sugaring off. August, though it was, we searched with moderate success for ferns, we chewed spruce gum, we stripped balsam needles by

the quart, and we finally departed at the end of a very mixed lumber train, and were switched into Brattleboro at the rapid rate of ten miles an hour.

The hills became lower and the valley broader as we descended. How small and insignificant appeared Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, but how full and deep the river flowed, how broad and green were the meadows. "Peopled and warm is the valley," I thought as we rushed by the cozy, little Connecticut villages, until, finally, there with its circle of electric lights was the dome of the Capitol at Hartford, flashing its welcome home to the land of steady habits and simple lives.

E. M. WHITNEY.

Athletic Notes.

C. A. C., 0. CUSHING, 24.

On February 28th, the Girls' basket ball team started for Ashburnham, Mass., to play their return game with Cushing Academy.

As this trip was to give the girls an opportunity of seeing the rooms and also the advantages the girls have at another co-educational institution, they looked forward to it with much anticipation.

They reached the Academy about noon, after a somewhat tedious ride and a long wait at Baldwinville.

The game was called at four o'clock. Although the C. A. C. girls had no mascot to cheer them, and the floor was larger than any C. A. C. basket ball team has ever played on, their spirits were not entirely daunted.

Several close throws for the baskets were made by our girls, but the close guarding of the Cushing team and the long distance between the baskets, which our girls were not accustomed to, prevented them from scoring.

The hearty cheering and songs of the Cushing boys could not fail to keep the spirits of the home team at their highest.

Our girls and especially their coach and time-keeper were royally entertained that evening at Lowe Hall.

After spending the night at the hotel, the team was met early next morning at the station by several of the Cushing boys and girls, who were there to see them off.

Notwithstanding the defeat, this trip was one of the most enjoyable ever taken by the Girls' team.

The score was C. A. C., 0; Cushing, 24.

Line-up:

Miss Shurtleff, Grant, ...r. f. .....Miss Warden
Miss Seage .....l. f. ...Miss Wellington
Miss Clark .....c. .....Miss Clement
Miss Donivan ...r. g. ....Miss Langlands
Miss Eddy .....l. g. .....Miss Doyle

Referees—Chapman and Hardy.

Time—20 and 15-minute halves.

C. A. C., 9. N. H. H. S., 9.

The Girls' basket ball team closed their season by playing a return game with the New Haven H. S. Girls' team in New Haven, March 18th.

The game was played in the Anderson gymnasium which has a large floor well adapted to basket ball.

Although defeated by the score of 9 to 5, the girls played a fast, strong game. The blocking many times was excellent and very few fouls were called on either side. Two points at which our girls were at a disadvantage were the large floor and the

absence of screens, making it practically impossible to make a bank shot. Notwithstanding this the score was close throughout.

The trip was a very pleasant one and a large number from Storrs accompanied the team.

Several of the out-of-town alumni were also present at the game.

Following is the line-up:

Miss Sage .....l. f. .....Miss Dobbins
Miss Grant, Shurtleff..r. f. ....Miss Stow
Miss Clark .....c. ... (Capt.) Miss Ruth
Miss Eddy .....l. g. .....Miss Stanford
Miss Donivan (Capt.) r. g. Miss Olmstead

The schedule of the Girls' basket ball team has been with stronger teams than in past years, and while they have suffered several defeats, the scores have been small with one exception. It has been exceedingly hard to get two teams on the floor for practice, and without practice no team can do good work.

SCHEDULE FOR BASEBALL FOR THE SEASON OF 1905.

April 15th—Springfield Training School at Storrs.

April 22d—Middletown High School at Storrs.

April 29th—Bulkeley High School at New London.

May 1st—Pomfret Academy at Pomfret.

May 6th—Cushing Academy at Ashburnham, Mass.

May 13th—Norwich Free Academy at Storrs.

May 20th—Springfield High School at Storrs.

May 27th—Open.

June 3d—Rhode Island Agricultural College at Kingston, R. I.

June 10th—Open.

June 13th—Alumni at Storrs.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1905.

Good material for next fall is needed to fill the places left vacant by a number of our strongest players. It is the duty of every student to do his best to fill these vacancies. If not physically able ourselves to try our fortune on the grid-iron, let us lead strangers hither, who will strengthen the College, both as athletes and scholars.

Our schedule is a hard one from beginning to end, which fact will require the hardest work from every man throughout the season in order to keep up last year's good record.

Two new teams have been added to our schedule—Wesleyan University and New Britain High School. The record of the former team is well-known throughout the State, while the latter has held the championship of the Trinity League for the past two years. There is also a possibility of playing two other new teams—Brown University second team and New Haven High School. The schedule is as follows:

Saturday, September 23d—Springfield Training School at Springfield.

Saturday, September 30th—Wesleyan University at Middletown.

Wednesday, October 4th—Open date.

Saturday, October 7th—Hartford High School at Storrs.

Saturday, October 14th—New Britain High School at Storrs.

Saturday, October 21st—Open date.

Saturday, Oct. 28th—Cushing Academy at Ashburnham.

Saturday, November 4th — Norwich Free Academy at Storrs.

Saturday, November 11th—Springfield High School at Springfield.

Saturday, November 18th—Rhode Island State College at Kingston, R. I.

Saturday, Nov. 25th—Open date.

Suggestions of Commencement.

What part shall I play in the history of my time—what will my life work be? We know that to him who most promptly and most wisely answers this question come the greatest chances of success. In making this choice, however, one should bear in mind two things: his own good fortune, and where he can be of most benefit to others. Above all, one's plans must be within reason. For example—since in case of an unfortunate choice we cannot guess again it is hardly wise, except in childhood, to plan to become president, for in the case of any individual, there are seventy-seven chances of being struck by lightning to one of becoming president. It is, perhaps, safer not to overlook what are sometimes called the lower walks of life. Among these I wish to consider the advantages that are to be found in the life of the farmer. It seems to me that it is as noble a career to-day as it was in the time of Washington, and that it fulfils as well as any other, the two essential purposes of happiness and usefulness.

"In my opinion," says President Jesse, of the University of Missouri, "no other occupation offers so rich rewards, all things considered, as agriculture offers to those who are willing to train themselves for it as earnestly and diligently as they would train themselves for law or medicine. . . . . and one will, in the greater majority of cases, make more money, enjoy greater freedom, better health, and develop stronger character. Unless a boy has a deep seated preference for some other profession, it does not seem wise for him to ignore the great opportunities that agriculture offers."

To become a farmer is no unworthy ambition. Whether your name will be long remembered will depend upon the kind of man you are, in exactly the same way, and to exactly the same extent, as in other professions.

An important question for the youth who intends to enter upon the business of farming is the choice of location. Where, from the standpoint of his own prosperity, shall he go in order that he may find the conditions most favorable for success? Formerly there was no such question. The great West with its rich soil, its sparse population, its vast opportunities for gathering in the unearned increment answered all such queries with the imperative, "Go West, young man;" and the young man went—and in the greater number of cases, prospered. To-day, however, the young man of New England would better think long and earnestly before he decides to wander far from home.

There is no denial of the fact that to-day the East offers as good chances for the young farmer as the West, and there is strong evidence that the odds are in favor of the East. Professor J. W. Sanborne, a recognized authority on agricultural matters, who, from the headship of a leading western agricultural college and experiment station, has retired to his native home in New Hampshire, "speaks of the utter cessation of the immigration to western farms of our boys," and of an "eastern

movement of immigrating farmers." He says, farther, "I have farmed East and West and believe the balance favors the East at present prices of land and condition of markets." Professor Henry whose name is known by every farmer, has bought a farm in Connecticut, and his son, this spring, will commence his life as a farmer in this State.

J. H. Hale, at the dedication of a western hall of agriculture, said, "Years ago we sent our sons out to settle the West. You must now send your sons back to settle the East. We have the best social conditions in the country (this is an important consideration), the best markets, our land is cheap and we can make the most money. There is no question about making money on farms in the vicinity of New England, and as far above the marginal farmer you get, to the extent you adopt modern methods and business principles, will your profits be measured. Here, too, you may suit your inclinations as to the branch of agriculture to be followed. The region is well adapted to nearly all of the great variety of farm products her rich cities demand."

When it comes to the possibility of being of service to mankind, in New England you have the ministers "cinched," for there is plenty of room for improvement in this field and to your preaching you may lend the force of successful practice. The too rapid opening up of the West changed things entirely in the East and farmers here failing to realize what has been going on, neglecting to read, study or observe the sudden changes, in agricultural practice, being slow to adopt themselves to the new conditions and to profit from the teachings of experiment stations, have lost their prosperity and with it their respect for their calling. Circumstances now demand that they be expert and become men of business. There is wisdom in a statement I heard Speaker Cannon make recently, "In the good old days when hens hatched their eggs and men waited for cream to rise, anybody could keep a farm, but to-day if the farm keeps him he must first learn the business." That New England farmers, as a rule, do not know their business, though they may be pardoned for this, will be admitted. That there is a great opportunity to help them improve their condition is also unquestionable. Says Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, "New England excels in all but agriculture. Her people are expert in everything, but the sciences that relate to agriculture. She gets her food from the Mississippi Valley, while her uplands are impoverished and her lowlands are undrained."

There is no better business than farming, and there is no better place to farm than in Connecticut and the surrounding country. We need fear the West less and less as the centre of population moves further westward. Agricultural conditions are rapidly becoming settled. There will always be a living for the marginal farmer and the trained farmer will fare considerably better.

There is a place for trained men in every farming community, as an example and teacher; to look after the church, schools, social life, the Grange, to find new markets and better the products that are already put on the market, etc., and his influence in this work is not limited. Our experiment stations are away ahead of the practice of agriculture. This does not mean

that there should be a halt in this most essential work, but that more effort should be made to disseminate what is known; that agricultural colleges "get busy" and place more trained men in the field.

George Washington said, "Agriculture is the noblest occupation of man." Sixty years ago Greeley said, "Young man, go West." To-day, Henry says, "Young man, go East." A. B. C., '02.

Paradise.

Long years ago, before psychology had risen to the position which it now holds among the sciences, there lived in a little cottage in a small rural community, two girls.

They called their home Paradise, and believed that nothing could disturb their happiness. One, who was a devoted student of domestic science, took great delight in preparing dainty dishes and making the home cozy, while the other kept the table supplied with fresh flowers, and went about with a song on her lips. So they lived in blissful ignorance of the serpent who was creeping into their garden, and never dreamed that the thirst for knowledge which wrought so much havoc in the first earthly paradise would follow them here.

The trouble began when one of the girls began to study psychology. She poured over "Little Jimmie" for hours together, then for recreation devoured a few pages of "James in the original," and pretended to enjoy it. This went very well until the psychologist, who was by nature intensely practical, began to try experiments. Her unsuspecting companion was her victim. First she tried to see what effect a red-hot poker would have upon her companion's nervous organism if gently waved before her face. This experiment sent the poor victim screaming through the house, followed by her tormentor, who, not satisfied with one trial, repeated the experiment again and again to see if it would always produce the same result. Next she experimented in illusions, substituting a pencil for the poker. The results were all that could be desired, and she progressed so famously that her professor marveled at her ability in grasping difficult subjects, and declared that she was a "mighty smart girl."

These and many other similar experiments drove the unfortunate victim crazy. All the brightness went out of her life. She even lost her interest in basket ball, that game which we now consider a relic of barbarism, but which she had dearly loved in their first happy days together. Her companion noticed her pale, listless ways, and failing appetite, and unfeelingly accused her of being in love.

So matters went from bad to worse until spring came, when the psychologist transferred her attention to bugs and snakes and considerately refrained from bringing them into the house.

Peace reigned once more in Paradise, and the two girls lived happily to the end of the year.

Exchanges.

The New Hampshire College Monthly appears in the same neat form it has had for sometime, but we are sorry to see that there is no exchange column.

The Academy Journal, for March, con-

tains some exceptionally good stories. This paper usually has good material of every description and we are always pleased to receive it. The editors are certainly to be congratulated upon their efforts.

The Riverview Student is a good all around paper. We consider this our best exchange from a literary point of view. Its weakest point is that of exchanges.

The College Paper is one of our best exchanges, and the exchange column is excellent.

We have received a most interesting issue of *The Wa Wa*, Port Townsend, Wash. The numerous cuts give the paper a very pleasing appearance.

The cover design of *The Aegis* is very appropriate. We find the contents equally good.

The Lake Breeze is one of our most interesting exchanges, it being always full of school spirit.

Gabe, in giving the properties of sulphur-dioxide, said, "Sulphur-dioxide has a thick, tickling smell."

The wise husband not only lets his wife have the last word, but is tickled nearly to death when she reaches it.—Ex.

Professor—"Why are Mr. Griswold's jaws like a team of horses?"

Class—"Why?"

Professor—"Because there's one on each side of a waggin tongue."

Wanted—Someone to play "Daisy" on the cornet.